

*The Cherubim with a Flaming Sword,
that appear'd on the Fifth of November last,
in the Cathedral of St. Paul, to the Lord
Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, and
many Hundreds of People, &c.*

BEING A
LETTER
TO
My Lord M—
WITH
REMARKS
UPON
Dr. Sa—ll's Sermon.



*When Pulpit Drum Ecclesiastick
Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick. Hudibr.
If the Church can't be pull'd down, it may be blown up.
Sacheverell's Sermon. at St. Paul's.*

LONDON, Printed in the Year M. DCC. IX.

My LORD,

TIS with extraordinary Surprize your Friends in the Country receiv'd the Account of Dr. S———*—*'s Sermon before you, 5 Nov. last, at St. Paul's. We always took you for no Dissenter, no Fanatick, no Occasionalist, no False Brother; but for a true Son of the Church. How then came this Ecclesiastical Incendiary into your Pulpit? Had he a mind to affront your Lordship and Sir F. C———, &c. by insinuating the Church was in danger, and the State in peril from false Brethren; when St. Paul's had two such extraordinary Pillars to support it, and the City two Magistrates to rule it, of such a wonderful Sagacity? Whatever becomes of the rest of the Nation, the Doctor had reason to believe, that all would go well with St. Paul's, when he found you in the Chair, and Sir Francis (who for his great Piety might be justly stil'd St. Francis) sitting at your Right Hand. The Doctor then is inexcusable for his mighty Alarm. If your Lordship and Sir Francis had been pulling down the Pulpit, overturning the Pews, shutting the Church-doors, brandishing the City-Sword, and crying out, *The Pret—der! The Pret—der!* there had been some colour for his mighty noise about the Peril of Church and State from false Brethren. Had this flaming Doctor ever seen your Lordship caballing with the notorious Enemies of the Government, exposing the Ministry and the present Settlement, and expressing your Wishes for a French Revolution, and drinking Healths to Friends at St. Ger——ns, as some false Brethren in Church and State are often doing; the Doctor then might have beat his Drum Ecclesiastick, and have sounded his Trumpet as loud as he pleas'd. But, which is not a little wonderful, the Doctor attacks the Church, assaults the State, batters the Loyal Dissenters, and storms the Constitution in a most furious manner: And all this in the face of your Lordship, and in defiance of the Sword of Justice. Nay, and to compleat the Summ of his excessive Insolence, after he had utter'd his malicious Invektive against Church and State, to the great scandal of all Good Men and Friends to the Government, your Lordship and Sir Francis in particular, who by your Countenances, during the whole Farce, discourag'd so bold an Attempt, and were often laugh with Scorn and Contempt at the Seditious Trumpeter; yet after this, he has the Confidence to vouch your Lordship's Command, (*Dedicat. p. 1.*) and to pretend a Summons from your Lordship. What, to trample upon the Church, revile the Legislature, insult the Prerogative, and to raise a Mob upon the Government? I am persuaded, my Lord, that your renown'd City has in it so many excellent Persons of undoubted and unshaken Zeal for the Church, and true Loyalty to the Government, that 'tis impossible for this furious, or any other more furious Pulpiteer, to scare 'em from their Duty. Could this most Fanatical Doctor strike the fifth Commandment out of the Decalogue, which he's the first that ever

ever was heard to propose (*Dedicat. p. 2.*) his *Fanaticks*, and the Pretender's Interest would thrive with a witness. Then City and Country would abandon their true Mothers, the Queen and the Church, and betake 'em to a *Jackish* Conventicle and *French* Restauration: for which some of our Wolves in Sheeps clothing, our *Lesleyan* and *Sac*——*lian* false Brethren most heartily will and pray. By a side-wind, in their Sermons and Pamphlets, they are continually blowing up Animositys and Divisions amongst her Majesty's faithful Subjects: They wou'd feign kindle a Civil War, and then send for the *French* and the Pretender to settle Church and State. This is the pious Knavery, and consecrated Villany of their Cabals and Invectives against the Government. They open loud in all places with Reasons for Non-resistance and Passive Obedience ('tis meant to the Pretender) at the same time they are privately consulting how they may resist and overthrow Church and State, by Invasions, Assassinations, Plots, &c. So that never was it more necessary for our Pulpits to ring with Obedience to our Government, and Resistance against a *French* Faction and the Pretender. Of this the *Jacobites* are mighty sensible: Wherefore they spare no pains and leave no stone unturn'd, from *Lime-house to Hyde-Park-Corner*, to poison and pervert her Majesty's Loyal Subjects, with Pamphlets and Sermons; that insinuate the Danger of the Church, by which they mean the *Jacobite* Synagogues; the Ruin of the Monarchy, by which they mean the Exclusion of the Pretender. All the care our Church has taken, by penning so many excellent Homliys against *Rebellion*, signifies little with our disaffected *Jacks*. This Doctor, tho he has read 'em, and swore to 'em, and even pretends to mention 'em with respect, (*Pref. p. 3.*) in admirable *Diffuasives from Faction and Sedition*; yet he is not afraid to speak evil of Dignitys, and to preach and publish too a most seditious and factious Libel upon the Government; and this address'd in so affronting a Dedication to your Lordship, as to make you a *Partner* or a *Patron* of his licentious and disaffected Behaviour. In short, his whole Discourse is, as *Cicero* expresses it, *Maledictum manans sine capite*; one intire Libel without any Ground or Authority.

For tho the Doctor attempts to draw *St. Paul* into the quarrel he has with our Constitution, our Ministry, our Bishops, and all that are hearty for the Union, and the prudent and peaceable Measures of the present Administration: yet any one that reads and heeds *St. Paul's* Writings and Temper, will soon perceive, that nothing can be more opposite to the meek and gentle, to the charitable and forgiving, to the healing and most affectionate Spirit of that Divine Writer; than the turbulent, furious, factious, enflaming and seditious Strain, that runs thro all *Dr. Sa*——*ll's* Invective. What Success his Plot may have against your Lordship, in tempting the World to think hard of your Loyalty and Affection to our present happy Constitution and wise Administration, I leave others to conjecture: but no good Christian will, without indignation, look upon *St. Paul's* words, and find 'em so wretchedly

wretchedly and wickedly apply'd by a pretended Son of our Church: which, if *she* be in any danger at this time, must be only from such false Brethren as Dr. S——, Dr. H——, Mr. L——, Mr. Hig——, &c.

Were St. Paul himself alive (to apply his own words) his first step would be to rescue this Text out of the mouth of this false Brother, and his Meaning from the false Interpretation and incestuous Comment of this sanguinary Pseudopistle. He indeed exaggerates the Popish Gunpowder-Plot against the King and Parliament; in a few Lines at the beginning of his Declamation; but passes over in absolute silence the late Revolution: both which should have been the Subject of a Sermon for the Day. But, 'tis plain, he looks upon both as Plots against the Nation, tho' he durst not in broad terms call the Revolution a Rebellion. 'Tis part of the Office for the Day, which I doubt he is heartily sorry for, to praise God for our late Deliverance: from this part of the Liturgy, the Doctor gives shrewd Suspicion of his being a strong Dissenter, and a false Brother. He speaks with a seeming Abhorrence of the 30th of January; but 'tis utterly incredible, that they who favour'd the Hellish Assassination of the Grandson K. William, should ever truly detest the barbarous Murder of his Grandfather K. Charles. In truth, with the Favourers and Abettors of such damnable Conspiracys, the fifth of November is a Day of Humiliation, because the Plot was defeated; and the thirtieth of January, or any other Day, whereon a Protestant Prince had been assassinated, would be with the same Gentlemen a Day of Thanksgiving. Had the execrable Monsters succeeded abroad or at home, in their Conspiracys against our late Deliverer; some of our false Brothers and false Apostles had long before this been singing their Io-Peans in St. Paul's, But he that sits in the Heavens laughs 'em to scorn; tho' some who sat in the Stalls and Boxes at St. Paul's, titter'd at the Sedition of their false Brother. The same Persons, without doubt, would have triumph'd in the Success of Friend and Perkins; and have gladly blotted out of their Kalendar the fifth of November and thirtieth of January too, if the Plotters of those two execrable Era's could have been alive to accomplish the Assassination-Plot: for which they would have kept a perpetual Festival in S——'s Church of England.

The present Misfortunes of the Church this false Brother pretends extremely to lament, p. 7. *Her Holy Communion has been rent, says this Fanatical Doctor: and divided by factious and schismatical Impostors; viz. by his Friends — H——, L——, and the rest of those Holy Cheats. Her pure Doctrine has been corrupted—— by their scandalous Accommodations with the Church of Rome. Her Sacred Orders vilify'd—— by being confer'd on such Traitors and Villains, as would betray the Church and Nation too. Her Discipline profan'd, and horribly too Doctor, by your Friends C—— and Sn——, the Nonjuring Absolvers of the execrable Regicides, &c.* But now to take the Doctor right, you must understand by the Church the Jacobite Schism, and by the State the Perkinite Faction, whose ill Circumstances he hopes your Lordship will heartily com-

commiserate: if you don't, the Doctor will tell you to your face, you are a false Brother, a Fanatick, a Sceptick, and an Atheist; for all are such with him, that don't profess themselves of his *Fanatick Faith and Faction*.

Your Lordship has no reason to expect his Mercy, unless you declare for his Party, and hold out a Flag of Defiance against the whole Bench of Bishops, the present Ministry, and the Church of Scotland, ay and the Church of England too; by which I, and hope your Lordship, understands those who are for the present *Constitution and Administration in Church and State*, which implies our happy Union, and the discreet and charitable Conduct of our spiritual Fathers and Civil Magistrates towards all but the notorious Enemies of the Queen and Kingdom.

This Charity, this Moderation, this calm and prudent Conduct in the Government, will not go down with this furious and fanatick Doctor. If you'll please him, and have his Blessing at the close of your *Mayoralty*, you must, like the old Fanaticks, rail at the Bishops, call them perfidious Prelates, as this insolent Doctor does Archbishop Grindal; sily assault another excellent Prelate, the Lord Bishop of Sarum, as this Doctor did twice before your Face. You must rail at the Ministry, and make them all Tray—ors, *because they won't be Tools to neither Prince nor Priest*. You must revile and curse the Dissenters, and blacken all the Churchmen as Trimmers or Apostates, that have any Pity or Goodwill for 'em. You must in all Places, and at all Times give out, *The Church is in Danger, the Nation's betray'd, the Monarch's ruin'd, the People bewitch'd, and the Nation in a State of damnable Schism and Rebellion*. And if you'll thus qualify your self for the Doctor's Benediction, let who so will censure you, he'll absolve and exalt you.

But, my Lord, how can you but with wonder reflect upon the amazing Confidence of that furious Doctor? who instead of exhorting his Audience thankfully to commemorate the two great Deliverances of the Day, like a false Brother betray'd your Lordship into a necessity of hearing both Church and State lampoon'd? He's so over-run with Fanaticism, and horn down with an Excess of ill Nature, that he seeks out, and even forces the Holy Scriptures to justify his Envy, Hatred and Malice.

Your Lordship very well knows, that the worst sort of Dissenters and Fanaticks amongst us, are they who dissent from both Church and State, they who believe and affirm, that the Queen (God bless her) and her faithful Subjects are all downright Rebels, and the Bishops and Clergy who are for this present Settlement, arrant Schismaticks and Apostates. In short, your Lordship very well knows the *Jacks* look upon all the Nation as Rebels and Traitors, except a few Miscreants of their own Faith and Faction: and therefore pray and hope to see the Day when the Queen may be dethron'd, our Bishops preaching at their Stakes in *Smithfield*, our Parliaments disbanded, our Nobility and Gentry dragoon'd, and a French and Irish Power establishing the Pretender,

(6)
tender, with all the blessed Advantages of a French Religion and Government.

These are the Dissenters, my Lord, these are the false Brethren, these are the Traitors and Enemies to Church and State with a witness. And had the Doctor been a true Son of the Church, and no false Hypocritical Brother and Pretender to our Communion, These wou'd have been the Men, These wou'd have been the Fanaticks and Traitors against whom he wou'd have thunder'd in *St. Paul's*. But the Doctor is of another Stamp, and has a better Notion of his worthy Friends and Confederates. Their Persons and Interest lie too near his Heart: *He sees no Iniquity in Jacob*, these are harmless Subjects, Orthodox Christians, in short, true Sons of the Church, and sworn Servants to the Pretender; in favour of whom, it may be his next Text before your Lordship wou'd be, *Touch not mine Anointed*.

Tho your Lordship's Friends will wonder if ever he came into your Pulpit again, after he had impos'd upon your Lordship and the Audience so bitter an Invektive; and 'tis no less a wonder with them how your Lordship cou'd with Patience hear out this *Fanatick Orator*, and not put him in *Bocardo* for his seditious, insolent Rudenesses against the Government; Can it become so great and so loyal a Magistrate, as your Lordship, to hear a Preacher insinuate, that *our Faith is corrupted, our Articles expounded to a Mahometan Sense, the Church laid open to Sectaries and Schismatics, and not only made a Den of Thieves, but even a Receptacle of Legions of Devils?* pag. 9. My Lord, can a true Churchman speak, or hear this spoken, without Indignation?

My Lord, I'm aware of his Equivocation; Church and Sovereign are ambiguous Terms with these *seditious Preachers*, who pray and preach in *Masquerade*. For these sort of Churchmen (to use some of the Doctor's words, pag. 10.) upon all Occasions side with the [Jacobites] both in publick and private Affairs, as Persons of tender Conscience and Piety; they promote their Interests in Elections, excuse their Separation from Church and State, bear them with Patience at *Keb——'s* and *St——han's* blaspheme the Q——n and the Church, and upon occasion justify the *Assassination-Plot*, &c. Now if these, my Lord, are the modish and fashionable Criterions of a True Churchman, God deliver us from all such false Brethren.

As these are some of the Doctor's true Churchmen, so his true Friends of the State are the same Persons in another view, who pretend to an absolute and unconditional Obedience (*Serm. &c. p. 12.*) and so disclaim Resistance upon all Pretences whatever; and yet are not for obeying the Queen, but the Pretender, whom to resist they judg damnable. The Doctor tells us, and we have reason to believe him, that the aforesaid Doctrine is now exploded and ridicul'd by the new Preachers and new Politicians; who those are he don't expressly inform us, but 'tis no hard Task to find 'em out. In a word, they are those arrant Fanaticks, those Arch-Rebels the Jacobites, who can swear and unswear to the Queen at pleasure, cancel their Allegiance upon a Declaration from *St. Germain's*,

and call their Sovereign to account for High Treason against the Pretender; and, which is almost incredible, presume to make their Court to the Queen by sham Pretences of loyal principles, and Love to the Monarchy. These, my Lord, are the staunch Friends to the State and Government, who under colour of Loyalty and Conscience, have in Principle abdicated their Church and Country; for they dare not yet maintain their rebellion in the open Field. The Pulpits must first be tun'd, and the Pretender landed; and then these false Brethren will sensibly join with French Papists and Irish Cut-Throats, to take the Sword out of your Lordship's Hand, and the Crown from the Queen's Head, if not her Head from her Shoulders. Now to proceed in the Doctor's Stile, p. 14, 15. These false Brethren, of whom he has said not one unkind word, don't singly and in private lead their Poison; but, what is lamentable, are suffer'd to hold Conventicles and Seminaries, wherein all the Principles of Fanaticism, Regicide and Slavery are openly profess'd. Nay, they sometimes steal to our Presses and Pulpits, and banter the Solemnity and Government at once, as your Lordship can testify lately happen'd at Paul's. Nay the Doctor tells us, *Serm. p. 19.* That the false Brethren, by their abominable Hypocrisy, have indanger'd the Government, by filling it with its profess'd Enemies. Your Lordship is in the Government, I hope he don't intend it as a Reflection upon your Lordship; I dare say he had more respect for your Lordship, so I believ'd he aim'd much higher, and ought to be made to explain so seditious and saucy an *Innuendo*.

But nothing less cou'd be expected from this *Fanatic Incendiary*, who is treading in the Steps of his Forefathers, who were kindling the Flames of Persecution, and blowing the Fuel of Sedition round the Nation, till all was on Fire. They have been always corrupting our Church, widening our Divisions, and detaching our Princes; nothing short of a Civil War can glut their Fury. And tho the whole Royal Family has been sacrific'd to their Bigotry, her Sacred Majesty accepted; yet they are insatiable, and wou'd feign fling Confusion at home: and as the Philistines be upon thee Samson, the Pretender must be invited over to secure the Church, and settle the State.

My Lord, we are in greater peril from such false Brethren than the Doctor is willing to acknowledg. He prays God indeed be out of danger; but it seems not of the *Jacobites*, our sworn enemies, but of such who always were the hearty Friends of the Government and their native Country. So wicked a Prayer can I hope God will ever hear? or your Lordship approve? 'Tis not the Peril of the Church, but his Party, that he is truly condemn'd for; that little, base, odious, contemptible, servile, and execrable Faction (as his Epithets run, p. 22.)

How well for the Church and State wou'd it be, if these Ecclesiastical Knaves wou'd throw off the Mask, and the Church of which they are no true Members, and shake hands with the Jacobites, whose

Serm. p. 22.

Creatures,

Creatures and Tools they really are; and not eat her Bread, spend her Revenues, and lie in wait for her Ruin? There not, God be prais'd, such a scarcity of learned and sober Clergymen, that we must call in the help of these *flaming Cherubs* to put us all in an uproar. Your Lordship has choice enough among the many excellent Preachers of the City you govern, who love their Country and Constitution, Men who hold no Correspondence with the *Papists* or *Perkinites*, Men who have drawn their Pens, and would draw their Swords too in defence of Liberties and Religion of *Great Britain*.

If your Lordship had thought fit to have *pluck'd* this Incensary, and to have taken the flaming Sword out of his hand; was back'd with *Seignioro Lades*, and his *Southwark Myrmidons*, perhaps would have stood upon their Defence: A *strong Squadron* on the Doctor's Left Wing, fac'd your Lordship and your Officers during the whole Solemnity; from those false Brethren told your Lordship had been in manifest peril, had they not taken you for a Friend ——— I'm glad your Lordship is out of hazard this time, and I beg you for the future to cure the Sword and Mace whenever you meet with the false Cherubims in or out of the Pulpit, for fear those false Brethren should run away with your Ensigns of Magistracy, raise the Doctor's Faction, and impudently say, *The Lord Mayor's Side*; which to be sure your Lordship heartily detests.

I am,

My Lord, &c.

St. Albans,
Nov. 28.
1709.



F I N I S.